# Center [ 131 ]/

/ [Double Rule]/ / #Center A/ #Center FANTASTIC/ [Double line capital]Is one that wears his Feather on the Ins*ide/ of his Head. His Brain is like Quicks*ilver,/ apt to receive any Impres*s*ion, but retain none./ His Mind is made of changeable Stuff, that/ alters Colour with every Motion towards the/ Light. He is a Cormorant, that has but one/ Gut, devours every Thing greedily, but it runs/ through him immediately. He does not know/ s*o much as what he would be, and yet would/ be every Thing he knows. He is like a Paper-/ Lanthorn, that turns with the Smoak of a/ Candle. He wears his Cloaths, as the antient/ Laws of the Land have provided, according/ to his Quality, that he may be known what/ he is by them; and it is as eas*y to decipher/ him by his Habit as a [i] Pudding. He is rigg'd/ with Ribbon, and his Garniture is his Tackle;/ #Center K2/

132 #Center A FANTASTIC./ all the res*t of him is Hull. He is s*ure to be/ the earlies*t in the Fas*hion, as others are of/ a Faction, and glories as much to be in the/ Head of a Mode, as a Solider does to be in/ the Head of an Army. He is admirably s*kil-/ ful in the Mathematics of Cloaths; and can/ tell, at the firs*t View, whether they have the/ right Symmetry. He alters his Gate with the/ Times, and has not a Motion of his Body, that/ (like a Dottrel) he does not borrow from s*ome-/ body els*e. He exercis*es his Limbs, like the/ Pike and Mus*ket, and all his Pos*tures are prac-/ tis*ed--Take him all together, and he is nothing/ but a Trans*lation, Word for Word, out of/ [i] French, [i] an Image cas*t in Plas*ter of [i] Paris, [i] and/ a Puppet s*ent over for others to dres*s thems*elves/ by. He s*peaks [i] French, [i] as Pedants do [i] Latin, [i]/ to s*hew his Breeding; and mos*t naturally,/ where he is leas*t unders*tood. All his non-Na\_/ turals, on which his Health and Dis*eases de-/ pend, are [i] s*tile novo. French [i] is his Holiday-Lan-/ guage, that he wears for his Pleas*ure and Or-/ nament, and us*es [i] English [i] only for his Bus*ines*s/ and neces*s*ary Occas*ions. He is like a [i] Scotch-/ man, [i] though he is born a Subject of his own/

# Center A FANTASTIC. 133.

Nation, he carries a [i] French [i] faction within/ him./ / #indent He is never quiet, but s*its as the Wind is/ s*aid to do, when it is mos*t in Motion. His/ Head is as full of Maggots as a Pas*toral Poet's/ Flock. He was begotten, like one of Pliny's/ Portugues*e Hors*es, by the Wind--The Truth/ is he ought not to have been reared; for being/ calved in the Increas*e of the Moon, he Head/ is troubled with a ---/ / N.H. The las*t Word not legible./ / / / / / / / / / / / #Center K3